

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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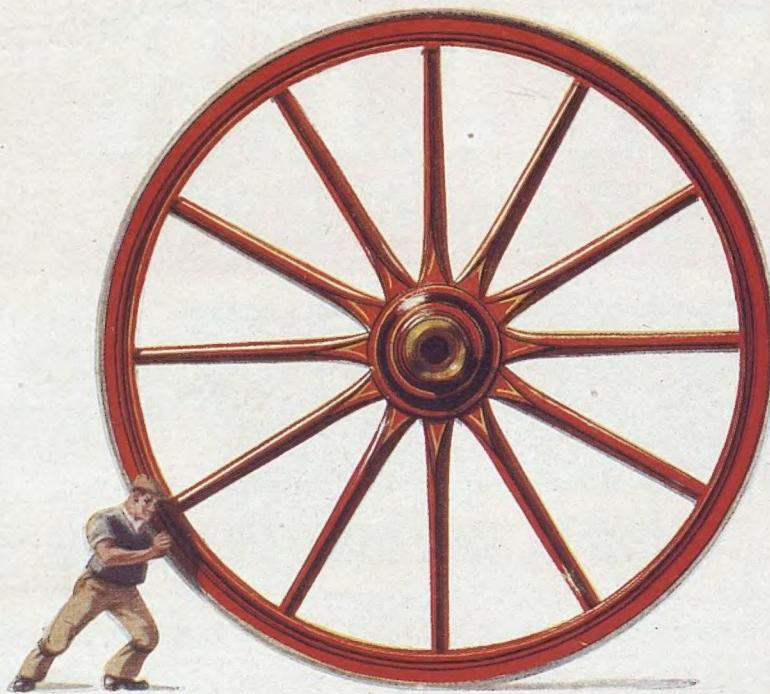
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But Guinness helps to make life brighter.

THE TATLER

LONDON

APRIL 10, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Angus McBean

"Make It A Date"

Marianne Davis brings off a very successful double in London's latest revue *Make It A Date*, at the Duchess Theatre. She is not only a most charming leading lady but also, with Leigh Stafford, the producer of the show. Tall, fair and American-born, Marianne Davis first made her reputation in London as a cabaret singer. Marianne Davis and Jane Carr were an eagerly sought-after cabaret turn, and brilliantly they entertained their sophisticated audiences. Now Jane is the wife of Mr. John Donaldson Hudson, and Marianne has entered the more serious side of theatre business, concentrating not only on entertainment but also on production and commercial interests. Co-director with Marianne Davis and Leigh Stafford is Edward Horan who wrote the music. Star comedian—and a very bright star indeed—is Max Wall



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Island Indifference

As we headed out of the harbour, squalls reduced the distant island to a mere menacing shadow. When we reached our goal and looked back, the mainland, seen through the drifting rain, was no more than a grubby smudge above the candid purity of the wave-caps. By an admirable philosophy, our host relegates his wireless to the kitchen from which the booming gentilities of the B.B.C. float with the meaningless authority of an incantation, only in the early morning, before one has screwed up courage enough to crawl out of bed into a glacial world. No clock went in the castle, save for a pert little alarm which the cook whisked off with her to bed; and no newspapers—not even an Irish one—were taken in.

My English ones came, of course, by post. But when one must wait till Tuesday to hear what Miss Lejeune thinks of the week's films, or what Mr. Raymond Mortimer thinks of Bishop Matthew's new book on the late Lord Acton, those admirably modulated voices lose some of their authority, even if they continue to give their well-known pleasure. One found oneself even ceasing to feel indignant about Persia. From a vantage point in the wall, one stared across the sullen water, and one felt the boat on its whimsical visits could bring no news of wars to be, but some strapping Isolde instead (who after all was supposed to be an Irish princess) to sing the "Liebestod" like billy-o in a shocking-pink tea-gown.

French Hollywood

For days I sat shivering over my typewriter, compelled to translate in a hurry a film scenario by one of France's leading scenarists.



French films have become such a religion with us, we cannot think of them as ever infected with a Hollywood silliness or bad taste. This scenario soon drove all nonsense of that kind from my head. It was supposed to be the "film treatment" of a great nineteenth-century Russian classic. Sol Hogwasch himself could not have outdone the eminent French artificer in misunderstanding or pert anachronisms. Perhaps French film-scripts are just as bad as ours or American ones, and the situation is brilliantly retrieved only by the genius of French directors? Perhaps the script of *Quai des Brumes* or *La Femme du Boulanger* would prove intolerable to read? I should dearly like to know.

New Pleasures

Of an evening, after a turn among the wet ilex, one found oneself the slave of new pleasures, fascinating in their very simplicity and innocence. My host and I would vie with one another to see how many twelve-bore cartridges one could balance end on end in a trembling column. Far into the night, this silly but enchanting game continued, spoiled yet perfected by the Jerome K. Jerome comedy of a fellow guest. A marvellous handy man, a dab at destroying brambles, cleaning borders and inspiring bonfires, he now volunteered to mend the clocks, silent after six years of neglect. My host had not the faintest desire to know the time. But he is far too kind to discourage enthusiasm. So a ducky little grandmother clock was chosen for the first victim, and a Japanese hanging clock, under Jesuit influence, for the second.

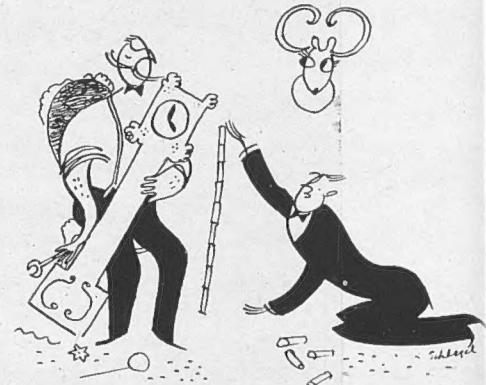
Both attempts at repairing were hilariously disastrous. A great deal of unscrewing and creaking; an occasional triumphant emergence with a leaden weight or part of a fusee; a shout that the trouble had been located. Then suddenly a crash, a tinkle of falling pinions, and a sombre "My heavens!" rang down the stone stairs.

It always happened just when one of us by the peat fire was about to place a tenth cartridge upon the rickety ninth. And invariably the majesty of the lament, poignant as any of King Lear's, made us laugh so much, we brought the whole column down. But we did once build up to ten storeys. It is now our ambition to put a whole box of twenty on end—an ambition every whit as silly as wanting to become ambassador in Paris or to win the Derby or to unravel the secret of the Inca quipus.

The Cuckoo

Then there was the absorbing problem of the cuckoo—a book which argued that the cuckoo did not insert its egg into strange nests, but was eternally a hybrid, cuckolding the

foster-father. The book was written in the sort of elaborate, breathless style of which Miss Agatha Christie is mistress. I found it considerably more exciting than any detective novel, if not entirely convincing. "The cuckoo then on every tree mocks married men . . ." Yet how in the world does the Indian cuckoo for instance, contrive to slip its egg into the tailor-bird's nest, sewn into the underside of a leaf? From the beginning of history, the cuckoo has been associated in men's minds with that undignified state in which all husbands, except the husbands of



ghouls, no doubt find themselves at some time or other in the course of marriage. Yet nobody, so far as I know, has suggested until the advent of this strange little book, so simple a solution of the cuckoo mystery.

Fine Weather

At last it cleared. A dazzling sun almost blinded one when one emerged from indoors, blinking like a pit-pony. The sea was no longer the grey medium for an Isolde to love upon, but a glittering Mediterranean blue, across which a Circe or a Dido might well send their spells. Far to the north, the Mourne Mountains, trembling and evanescent, justified the most glutinous sentiment of a drawing-room ballad. As we climbed the steep hill up on to the moor, one had the strange sensation of feeling warm again.

One emerged, on the top, into the world of Piero della Francesca, a world of chocolate heather, and dazzling white turf. I do not know whether the strange colour of the turf comes from an innumerable variety of moss and lichens in which the island abounds, or from the immemorial droppings of herring gulls who haunt the crags and headlands in their thousands. Never, I think, have I seen so many birds at once. The hills are white with them. Like a cloud of white smoke they follow the plough across the potato fields far

below us, screaming and squabbling over a miserable upturned worm.

In a couple of months' time these hills will, I suppose, be a mass of bluebells and sea-pinks. Even in early spring I find them beautiful enough with the white turf and the heather, the gold of last year's bracken, and the exquisite pink of a little rock-plant—*sedum anglicanum* or English Stonecrop.

Fallow Deer

ONE day we were compelled to shoot a few of the fallow deer, because of their ravages into the careful tillage round the foot of the hills. They take a devilish pleasure in uprooting, before their time, the potatoes which as "young" will soon be fetching an excellent price in Dublin market (but which even in England would be considered as almost overgrown "winter" ones; the vice of mere size has worked even worse havoc among Irish vegetable gardens than in our own). It was a sad business killing the deer, and sadder still when one ate a succulent joint from one of them, to think of starving Europe, half-starved England, and how the Irish public cannot be induced even to look at this fine meat.

But it is better, I suppose, to meet your death quickly, instantaneously by a bullet than to grow gaga, covered with sores, the sport of other antlers. The moor seemed a Golgotha of fallow deer bones, picked and polished by the hungry gulls. Poor fallow deer! I wonder how long they will be allowed to survive on the island. I cannot help feeling their presence is hardly to be reconciled with such intensive cultivation as high taxation now imposes there.

The Seals

THE happiest day fell at the end of my stay, a perfect still morning when we walked out to the very end of the great headland that is the chief haunt of the gulls. Birds seem to be on the move everywhere as I write. The mangy trees of O'Connell Street are a-bubble with



sparrows. And one morning, looking down from the headland, we saw many puffins just arrived from the south. More important still we saw seals, no less than twenty of them, lolling on the rocks or flopping about in the sea near them. We crawled quite close to them. Those in the water were too busy with their lazy play, or too short-sighted (seals tend to myopia) to notice us. Those on the rocks had fallen into a sun-sodden sleep, without even a young bull on guard. Suddenly spray from the rising tide hit them, and they bellowed in their sleep—a haunting mermaid wail. We lay for a full half an hour watching them, and it was one of those rare moments of deep, untroubled, unreserved felicity, which one savours at the time, and over which one has no need to sentimentalize in retrospect. Then within a few hours the island was behind, and

I was in the Dublin suburb of Marino, being charmed yet slightly disappointed by the elegant Casino which the great Sir William Chambers built for the first Earl of Charlemont.

Somehow I am always a trifle disappointed by Chambers. Though the river arches are superb, Somerset House as a whole I find unsatisfactory; the pagoda at Kew, which should be charming, has profited so laboriously from Chambers's trip to Canton in his youth, it looks like a shabby relic of some international exhibition; it lacks the grace of the duc de Choiseul's famous pagoda at Chanteloup, or the exquisite fantasy of the Japanisches Haus at Potsdam. And the Casino I found ever so little too perfect, too academic, too frigid.

Two Texts

WHILE on the island I came on two texts which pleased me considerably. The first, from Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*: ". . . if I had to choose, I should detest the tyranny of one less than that of many. . . . If a tyrant does me an injustice, I can disarm him through his mistress, his confessor or his page; but a company of grave tyrants is inaccessible to all seductions. . . ." The second, from the wise Saint Ambrose: "Do not talk to me of curled wigs; they are the pimps of passion, not the instructors of virtue. . . ."



Spring Sunshine in the Park



James Agat

AT THE PICTURES



Victor Francen as Marny and Madeline Oixeray as Jeanette the waitress



"*La Fin du Jour.*" Michel Simon as Cabrikkade and Louis Jouvet as St. Clair the former matinée idol, in the reissue of the fine French film which revolves around the home for retired actors and all their passions, jealousies and sufferings

An Exquisite Film

THE paths of theatrical glory lead but to old age. Is there anything more frightening than the ageing actor or actress? It was a cruel but realistic wit who said: "There may be seven ages of Man; actresses have only three ages—no chicken, wears wonderfully, and simply marvellous!" To the non-player old age has its consolations. Consider yonder elderly critic helped from his cab by the Ivy's doorkeeper, supported on that sympathetic arm till he crumbles into his seat near the door, there, after a time, to take on some semblance of life. It is possible that of him people are at least saying, "At his age he ought to know something about acting. He's seen plenty!" But to the player no such consolation is available. For him it is the present moment, always, from the day he steps on to the stage to the day he leaves it. The actor, when he embarks on his career, knows that it is one of pretence, and for the greater part of his life imagines that that pretence is confined to the audience. Then comes the day when he must pretend to himself, and the actress to herself.

WRITING of Aimée Desclée, her French biographer, Emile de Molènes, says that it is a characteristic of the actor to believe that what he once was he always is. That an actor's life is not so much a profession as an unsuspected disease, a disease which for many years is successfully withheld, then begins to nibble at the talent, and finally wears it away. That the public is conscious of this and the actor not. "Then comes the time when the theatrical manager finds it necessary to re-plaster his living corpse in the hope that the audience will tolerate the sham for the sake of the real thing that once was. And last the day when all the advertisements, puffs, and newspaper paragraphs are of no avail." I cannot and will not translate what follows: "Le public se montre tout à coup implacable. La génération qui a applaudi autrefois n'est plus dans la salle, et la nouvelle génération se prend à siffler le pauvre diable dont le pas mal assuré, la face parcheminée, la voix chevrotante et le sourire édenté n'inspirent désormais que répulsion et dégoût."

La Fin du Jour (Studio One) is, as readers of the Tatler will remember, a study of what happens to actors who have not made provision for their old age. It is in turns gay and tender, mocking and excessively sad. These failures, most of them talentless failures, dream and talk of the successes they never had. Cabrikkade (Michel Simon) boasts of his Flambeau in *L'Aiglon*, and then it turns out that he was Coquelin's understudy and never played. "The old devil stank of health." At some performance in Philadelphia or possibly Chicago a beautiful woman, seated in her box, had thrown at his feet a spray of flowers in which he had counted not less than seventy-two orchids. "But you have never been to America," somebody says. And Cabrikkade replies, "If I had visited America that is what would have happened." Then there is St. Clair (Louis Jouvet), the matinée idol

whose soul exists in his paint-box and nowhere else. I find something of Balzac in this monstrous creation, the egoist who can ransack his desk for thirty-year-old love-letters and post them to himself in order to impress his fellow inmates of what, after all, is a poorhouse. A madman who can drive a girl to commit suicide to glut his appetite for sensation. And then there is Marny (Victor Francen). This country, too, has had its Marny. This was Hermann Vezin, whom everyone admired and nobody went to see. Cold, unimpassioned, perfect in technique, Vezin could have met, and defeated, any argument advanced against his acting. The only difficulty was that when Vezin was the leading player no one seemed to want to visit that particular theatre. Duvivier alleges some private emotional sequence as the explanation of Marny's failure. But we know better. He is just the correct, unsuccessful actor. Here they are, so many Bajazets and Polyeuctes, Alcestes and Don Diègues, Andromaches and Paulines, Célimènes and Angéliques—and all of them indistinguishable from superannuated cashiers and worn out charwomen. A wonderful picture. And I think it is not a fluke that it was directed by the same man who made *Un Carnet de Bal*.

IF Duvivier had been in charge of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (Empire) I imagine that on the first day of shooting he would have assembled his cast, taken one look at the husband, and said, "Send for Michel Simon!" I have never forgotten the performance given by this great French actor in the French version of this film. I imagine that Duvivier would then have turned to the wife and said, "Miss Turner, don't you realize that you are supposed to be a little slut who married the greasy owner of a sandwich joint because nothing better offered? That you have been peeling onions and scrubbing pans for the past three years? That your nails are ragged and broken? That your frocks are crumpled and dirty? That only a hobo would desire you? Why, then, do you look as though you had just won a beauty competition for bathing belles? Get off the set and go swimming with Johnny Weissmuller!" And as for John Garfield, I think that D. would have said to him, "You're a nice boy, and your sports shirt is highly becoming. What about scoring that try for Yale?" I believed every word of the book and every word of the film when it was made in French and called *Le Dernier Tournant*. At the Empire the other day I didn't believe anything at all. Nor, to judge by the ripples of laughter in the audience, did anybody else believe any of it very much. Not all the might, power, and majesty of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, plus the suavity of my old friend Sam Eckman, plus the redoubtable MacPherson eyeglass—not any of these things, taken singly or all together, is going to make me believe that any young woman can go through a complicated murder, including a motor crash over a hundred-foot cliff and a hundred-foot climb back, without getting at least one speck of dust on a confection whose immaculacy would make Persil blush.



Jean Kent in her first starring role as the Gipsy Rosal

Lady Eleanor Smith's "Caravan"

With Stewart Granger

And Jean Kent



Rosal (Jean Kent), the gipsy dancer, fascinates the young Englishman, Richard Darrell (Stewart Granger). With them is the evil genius Wycroft (Robert Helpmann), who means to murder Richard and steal the jewels that he is carrying

Richard (Stewart Granger), who is the son of a poor country doctor, grows up with Oriana (Anne Crawford), daughter of the local squire, and Francis (Dennis Price), son of a rich man. Richard and Oriana fall in love and she promises to wait for him until he is rich enough to marry her. Richard is sent to Spain to take some valuable jewellery for a rich Spaniard, who also promises to publish Richard's first novel for him. However, Francis, who wants to marry Oriana, sends his accomplice Wycroft (Robert Helpmann) with Richard, in order to murder him and steal the jewels. Richard is robbed and left for dead, and Oriana, thinking he is dead, marries Francis. Richard marries a Spanish gipsy called Rosal (Jean Kent) who saves his life, but Oriana, finding out that Richard is alive, leaves Francis and goes to Spain to look for him. It is only after murder and intrigue that the two lovers come together.

The Theatre

"Make It A Date" (Duchess)

GOING to a revue is one of the more chancey ways of looking for an evening's fun. Names are nothing to go by. The talents of perfect revue artists are all too often frittered away upon perfectly incredible banalities. From a production which is the last word in modishness it is possible to carry away nothing but an agreeable impression of some trifle exquisitely executed. And then a little revue which is not very accomplished and sometimes falls below its own modest standards surprisingly ingratiate itself. *Make It A Date* is like that. It is unpretentious, it is vivacious—and, to judge from the laughter and applause, it is successful.

To measure it against pre-war West End models would be beside the point, and to lament a decaying of public taste infinitely tedious and perhaps unjust to all concerned. *Make It A Date* makes the grade, I think, by gently inducing in its audience the unexacting mood in which people enjoy some trite but jolly pier-head entertainment. It is surprising not to hear in the intervals the sea rustling to and fro beneath the Duchess. Going to this particular revue is taking the shortest and most convenient cut to an evening at the seaside. The prop and stay of its comedy is Mr. Max Wall. He is a glutton for work; he enjoys every moment of it and his mobile face which always seems slightly surprised at the variety of its own antics is an entertainment in itself. He is wholly delightful as the conjurer whose every trick is cruelly anticipated and pronounced puerile by the awful child he has been engaged to entertain. Mr. Billy Leonard, grimacing devilishly in a Fauntleroy suit, is the awful child. Mr. Wall is an excellent comic dancer. He leads an engaging little ballet as a Victorian photographer and is always ready to dance the point of a joke home. When he is absent from the stage Miss Avril Angers is likely to be left in charge, but she is not very lucky in the lottery. Her one good song, a Cole-Porterish tongue-twister, she puts across admirably, and she shows a nice

sense of character in one satirical fling at the genteel seller of herbs and simples in a Mayfair shop. But for most of the evening she is singing with indomitable good humour trite little songs and dancing with inexhaustible liveliness trite little dances. The Bucket and Broom Brigade, a lyric with a Farjeonesque flavour, is neatly danced and sung by Miss Pat Kildare, Miss Grace Draper and Miss Christine Spencer as parlourmaid, tweeny and cook, and in this and other numbers Miss Spencer makes a slight but definite individual impression.

IT might be thought that a revue which only just succeeds in winning us over to its brightness would be exceedingly careful not to waste an ounce of available talent. But Mr. Billy Leonard, apart from his highly successful outing in the Fauntleroy suit, has little to do. It is possible that he only seems to have little to do, for a weakness common to all but a few revues is to waste comedians in utterly foolish sketches. The revue sketch will probably be the last artistic form to acknowledge human mastery. No doubt they are necessary to break up the dances, songs and monologues in the interests of some ideal of balance which is a secret of the revue writer's craft, but to the outsider they are apt to appear a waste of effort. Few of them are any more than five minutes of pedestrian dialogue with a sudden anti-climax which plunges the stage into darkness. Queen Victoria at the play would assume, we are told, an air of knowing superiority and exclaim in triumph: "There! You didn't expect that, did you?" when the *dénouement* came. And this is the only possible comment on most of the sketches that clutter up revues. The sketches in this instance come from practised hands, but with the exception of one or two by Mr. Ronald Jeans and Mr. Reginald Purcell they do not add to the gaiety of the evening. Still, the gaiety is there, the outcome of unpretentiousness, vivacity and a determined brightness.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Newly Weds (Christine Spencer and Terence Delaney) dance the polka



Time After Time one of the most delightful numbers in the show is danced by Grace Draper and Leigh Stafford



Max Wall does some brilliant miming with an invisible needle and thread



Avril Angers in The Russian Number—an animated cartoon



Sweet Are The Uses of Advertising: Billy Leonard, Helen Goss



Mercutio : " Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell,
lady, lady, lady "
Benvolio (Michael Goodliffe), the nurse (Agnes
Lauchlan) and Mercutio (Esmond Knight)



John Vickers

Lewis Casson as Chorus

" From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life "



Renée Asherson as Juliet

Basil Shackleton

" Romeo and Juliet "

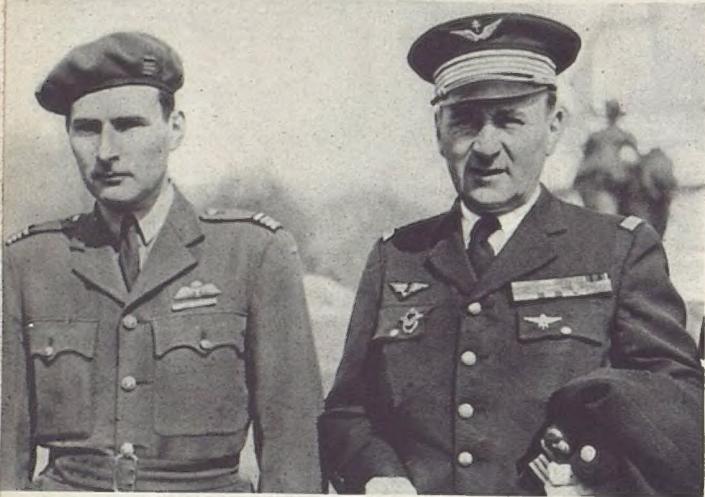
Produced by T.R.T. at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith

Romeo and Juliet is among the repertoire of plays produced by T.R.T., now running a season of repertory at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith. The season goes on till the end of June, and *Romeo and Juliet* is being played twice a week until the company launch their full number of six plays. T.R.T. is directed by Basil C. Langton, who is also one of its leading actors and plays Romeo in this production. There are a number of distinguished artists in the company, and among them are Renée Asherson, Lewis Casson, Ann Casson and Esmond Knight. This latest production of one of Shakespeare's most famous plays is immensely alive and colourful. In a crowd of fine performances, the most outstanding is that of Renée Asherson, as Juliet. Her youth and fire,

and technical artistry in one of the most difficult classical roles on the English stage is an unforgettable performance.

Renée Asherson played Princess Katharine in the film *Henry V.*, a part which is entirely in French. This was followed by a leading role in *The Way to the Stars*, and on the stage she has recently appeared with Robert Donat in the Lancashire comedy, *The Cure for Love*. Renée Asherson received all her early stage training in Shakespeare, for she was a member of the Old Vic Company, and played a great variety of parts until she began her film career in *Henry V.* In the T.R.T. Company she also appears in *The Wise Have Not Spoken*, *In Time to Come* and *Electra*.

INVESTITURE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



Major Jaques Poirier, who was awarded the D.S.O. for dropping over France with the paratroops, and his father, Cdr. Robert Poirier



S/Ldr. Leonard Trent, R.N.Z.A.F., who was decorated with the V.C. for his attack on a power station at Amsterdam in May 1943, and W/Cdr. F. Yeo-Thomas, who received the G.C., M.C. and Bar



G/Capt. D. E. Gillam, D.S.C. and two Bars, D.F.C., A.F.C., with his wife after the ceremony



Lieut.-Col. David Ainslie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who received the D.S.O. for displaying greatest gallantry and determination for leadership in July 1943. With him is his goddaughter and a friend



Capt. J. E. A. Deacon, M.B.E., G.M., who comes from Kingston, Hereford, with his mother and his wife



G/Capt. J. E. Johnson, D.S.O. and two Bars, D.F.C. and Bar, one of the Battle of Britain pilots, and his wife



H.M. The Queen, Accompanied by the Princess Royal, Decorates B.R.C.S. Commandants

Commandant Mrs. Lilian Dykes, of Altrincham, Cheshire

Mrs. M. Turner, of Birmingham

Mrs. E. A. Gay, B.E.M., of Birmingham

Commandant Boughey, of Ely, Cambridgeshire



Lieut.-Gen. Clark, Major-General R. G. Lewis and Rear-Admiral E. D. B. McCarthy leaving the Palace after they had each received the C.B.

Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Pridham, who received the K.B.E., with Lady Pridham and his daughter. Vice-Admiral Pridham received the C.B. in 1940, and was appointed President of the Ordnance Board in 1941



Capt. A. D. Torlesse, of Alverstoke, Hampshire, received the D.S.O. With him is his wife

Vice-Admiral T. B. Drew was decorated with the C.B. He was accompanied by his wife and cousin

Cdr. R. E. Courage, of H.M.S. Europa, with his wife and mother-in-law. He received the Bar to his D.S.O.

The Old Berkeley Hunt (East and West)

Have Their Joint Hunter Trials at Great Westwood, Bucks Hill, Near King's Langley

The Old Berkeley Hunt (East and West) recently held their Joint Hunter Trials at Great Westwood, the home of Major S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley (East). It was the first time that the Hunter Trials had been held since the war. The attendance was good both of spectators and horses, and owing to the fine weather the going was excellent. There were six classes, which included a Championship class won by Mrs. J. W. Robarts on her mare Bridget



The judges, Major R. G. Fanshawe, M.F.H., Colonel N. V. Blacker, D.S.O., M.C., and Captain P. E. Blackmore



Miss T. Delfosse competing on Talisman in the Open Novice class. She won the Subscribers' Class on this horse

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AFTER engagements of one kind and another which have kept them busy throughout the last two months and more, with very little break, both Their Majesties are looking forward to the Easter holiday with at least as much enthusiasm as any of the rest of us. For them there will be the added attraction this year of spending it in the old, familiar surroundings of Windsor Castle, where the Court has not been in residence at this time of year since before the war. At the Castle, all is in readiness for their reception, and Lord Gowrie, V.C., the genial, easy-mannered soldier who succeeded Lord Wigram as Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of the Castle when he returned from his spell as Governor-General of Australia, and Lady Gowrie, have been occupied supervising the arrangements for the Court's stay; it may well extend into May, a prospect that gives Windsor residents and other dwellers in and around that delightful riverside area much pleasure.

WINDSOR WEDDING

RARELY is there such a gathering of royalties seen at a wedding outside the Royal Family itself as attended at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, when Miss Lavinia Lascelles, the tall, attractive daughter of Sir Alan Lascelles, Private Secretary to His Majesty, and Lady Lascelles, married Major Edward Renton of the Black Watch. The bride drove from Winchester Towers (her home in the Castle) with her father, in a Royal carriage drawn by a pair of the Windsor greys, to the main entrance of the Chapel. She wore a simple cream satin gown, with a tulle veil held in place by a wreath of Victorian wax flowers and carried a spray of cream freesias. The King, who proposed the health of the bride and groom at the subsequent reception in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle, was in naval uniform. With him were the Queen, in hyacinth blue, Princess Elizabeth, in the smart, dark-blue outfit she wore for her Ulster visit, and Princess Margaret, in Eton blue. Queen Mary and the Princess Royal also chose blue. The Earl of Harewood, first cousin of the bride's father, came with the Princess, and all the Royal guests signed the register.

Among the guests at the reception were Sir John and Lady Anderson, Lord and Lady Gowrie, Lord and Lady Chelmsford, Lady Inchiquin (whose daughter, Grania, was one of her cousin's two bridesmaids—the other was her sister, Miss Caroline Lascelles), Lord and Lady Bessborough, Lord Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Lord Wigram, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell, Lord and Lady Spencer, Sir Piers and Lady Legh, Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams, Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, Lord and Lady Cromer, Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, Sir Ulick Alexander, Lt.-Gen. Sir Hastings and Lady Ismay, Canon and Mrs. Crawley, Sir "Eddie" Marsh, Lady Delia Peel, Lady Hyde, Sir William and Lady Darling, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Lady Ridley, Lady Sanderson, Sir Henry and Lady Marten, Air/Cdr. "Mouse" and Mrs. Fielden, Sir Louis and Lady Greig, Col. and Mrs. Dermot McMurrough Kavanagh, Mr. "Pat" Hodgson, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Lady Aldenham, Lady Brabourne and Lady Hudson. Lady Joan Peake's eldest daughter, Iris, had chosen a dark-blue hat, covered with pale pink and blue veiling, and looked very pretty. Mr. Charles Villiers, who is often included in Princess Elizabeth's parties, was best man. The first part of the honeymoon was spent at Cloud's Hill, Offley, near Hitchin, lent by the Dowager Lady Lloyd.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL

AT Queen Charlotte's nineteenth birthday ball, more than 300 debutantes, acting as Maids of Honour for the historic cake ceremony, made a beautifully-timed procession round the ballroom and formed up in front of the huge candlelit cake to curtsey simultaneously to Lady Hamond-Graeme, who cut the cake in honour of Queen Charlotte's birthday. These young girls, with the bloom of youth radiating from their excited young faces, made a wonderful picture assembled together in their fluffy white ball dresses (with the exception of a few I noticed who had chosen the palest corn colour or a floral design on a white ground).

These twentieth-century revivals of the ball, under the presidency of Lady Hamond-Graeme,

with the able help of Mr. Seymour Leslie, have been run in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital with no committee, no posters or leaflets—and almost no expenses, since they are organised through the hospital office—and have raised many thousands of pounds for this good cause. Over 1500 tickets were sold this year for the two sections of the ball, on March 29th and April 6th, to aid Queen Charlotte's National Mother-Saving Campaign, which does great work, much of which is outside the scope of the new Hospitals Bill. Among the many pretty girls at the ball, some sketches of whom appear on other pages, were the Hon. Karis Mond, Lord and Lady Melchett's daughter, who was at Lady Hamond-Graeme's table with her brother Julian, Miss Geraldine Cook (whom I saw at the same table with her parents, Sir Thomas and Lady Cook), and the Hon. Miranda Howard, the third of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont's four daughters, who was in another big party. Miss Diana Garle, the only child of Capt. and Mrs. Garle, whose mother has just taken on the Mastership of the Silverton Foxhounds, is tall and dark, and was a great contrast to blonde and petite Miss Mary Connell, who was in the leading line of debutantes. Miss Connell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Connell, and lives at Craigallian, in Dumfriesshire. Miss Jacqueline Belmont is a daughter of the late Capt. Algernon and the Hon. Mrs. Belmont, and a granddaughter of Lord Kindersley. Pretty Miss Rosemary Agnew, who wore a corn-coloured dress which suited her lovely colouring, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Richard Agnew, and lives in Northamptonshire. Lord Montague of Beaulieu was one of the young men in Lady Manvers' big party and one of the few men I saw in khaki. Lord and Lady Vaughan and the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley were two young couples dancing. Lord Cross was partnering his hostess, Lady Hamond-Graeme, and Marie Marchioness of Willingdon was an interested spectator.

RETURNED P.O.W. ASSOCIATION

MAJOR VISCOUNT TARBAT, M.C., himself an ex-prisoner-of-war, is taking the keenest practical interest in the Returned Prisoners



Miss Rosemary Barratt on Mrs. Barratt's Ballymena competing in the Subscribers' Class

of War Association of which he is chairman, with Mr. F. C. Edwards as deputy chairman, and Sir Gerald Hargreaves as vice-chairman. They recently had a meeting at the headquarters in Cadogan Square, S.W., where they have founded a club. Lord Tarbat made a short speech appealing for funds to carry on and expand the Association which is financed entirely by voluntary donations and subscriptions and receives no Government grant. Their aim is to help these men who are finding the task of readjustment to civilian life extremely difficult in a chaotic post-war world. They have dances and entertainments organised for them, and are also given help in finding employment, in housing difficulties, and civil resettlement courses, etc.; they can obtain expert medical advice and treatment through the medical sub-committee. To insure against overlapping, the Association has the active co-operation of Regimental Associations, of S.S.A.F.A., the W.V.S., the British Red Cross and Civil Resettlement Units. Members of the committee include many ex-prisoners of war, including Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lascelles, and the Master of Elphinstone. Requests have reached Lord Tarbat from all over Great Britain to open clubs on similar lines in the big towns, but at the moment expansion is being held up through lack of funds.

"THANK YOU" PARTY

IT was a charming idea of the committee of the Royal Naval War Libraries to give a party at their headquarters in Great Portland Street to say "Thank you" to all those who have worked throughout the war for R.N.W.L.

Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., the very hard-working chairman of the organisation, received the guests and later introduced Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Fifth Sea Lord, who spoke of the past record of the wartime organisation, and at the same time explained the future plans for a peacetime Royal Naval Loan Library, which opened at headquarters on April 1st and will continue there until they have the house they are negotiating about, and hope to get, in Upper Brook Street. Mrs. Colvin then said a few words, thanking everyone again for all their help during the past six years, and said how much each individual had meant to the whole organisation. Mrs. Malcolm Arbuthnot, who had worked for the organisation since its inauguration, presented Mrs. Colvin with a large silver bowl filled with red and yellow roses, on behalf of members of the R.N.W.L. Among those I saw at this party (which naturally had a very nautical flavour) were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Lady Troubridge, Capt. Bowes-Lyon, Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Hall, Archdeacon Wilson, who is Chaplain of the Fleet, Admiral and Mrs. Claud Barry, Dame Laughton Matthews and Admirals Monroe, Dickson, Fremantle and Thursfield.



Competitors wait their turns. They are Miss Rosemary Barratt on So What, Miss G. Howe on Mercury, and Mrs. Robarts on Field-Marshal



Captain Bonsor, Miss R. de Rothschild, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. David Bonsor, and Major S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley (East)



Mrs. McMurtie, Mrs. S. G. R. Barratt, wife of the Master of the Old Berkeley (East), Mrs. Samuelson and Captain McMurtie



Major Edward Renton and His Bride, Miss Lavinia Lascelles, Driving Away After the Ceremony

THE LOVELIEST WEDDING OF THE YEAR



Arriving at Windsor Castle After the Ceremony

Their Majesties the King and Queen, with the two Princesses, as well as the Queen-Mother, and the Princess Royal, were all present at the wedding in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of Miss Lavinia Lascelles to Major Edward Renton. There was a big crowd assembled outside the chapel to see the Royal Family and to wish

luck to the exceptionally good-looking bride and groom as they drove away in an open landau, drawn by two Windsor Greys, to the reception in the State Rooms of Windsor Castle lent by His Majesty, who wished the young couple "Long life, every happiness and good fortune" when he proposed their health



Ascending the Main Staircase of the Castle



Responding to the Toast of H.M. the King After the Cutting of the Cake



Their Majesties the King and Queen Wishing the Bride and Bridegroom Good-bye After the Reception

Photographs by E. A. Tanner



The Bridal Group

Members of the bridal group include the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, Sir Alan and the Hon. Lady Lascelles, parents of the bride; Miss Renton, Mr. Charles Villiers, the best man; the bridesmaids, Miss Caroline Lascelles and the Hon. Grania O'Brien, and the child attendants

PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Tails" and "Shoulders" Again

THE well-conceived Théâtre des Champs Elysées, in the Avenue Montaigne, where the Ballets des Champs-Elysées gave its recent "season," may not be, though one of the biggest, the biggest theatre in Paris, but it is certainly the most commodious, barring the Grand Opera House, as to lobby, foyer and general access. It was always there that our unforgettable Argentina appeared, and that Pavlova gave her last recital (though how can dancing be a recital?), and that so many wonderful, wonderful galas have taken place. It was always at the Champs-Elysées that gorgeous frocks worn by lovely women were seen to their best advantage in the dear, dull days before the war, and it is there that we have seen the first gathering of "tails" and "shoulders" since. This is rather remarkable when one remembers that on the first night of *La Fiancée du Diable*, a new romantic ballet to the music of Paganini's "Caprices," rearranged by the young composer Jean Hubeau, a foot of snow lay on the ground.

Paris may seem full of cars, but I have yet to see them parked outside the theatres, and more than one long-skirted lovely kicked off her snow-boots or goloshes at the top of the entrance steps and walked to her box holding those useful objects at arm's length, with the aloof and disgusted air of an offended duchess. The members of this already-famous ballet company delight me by their enthusiasm, their hard work and their youth; that they also annoy me by their intolerance and, alas! discourtesy, is neither here nor there, so far as their talent is concerned! Ana Nevada, who is the author, the choreographer and the leading dancer of *Los Caprichos*, another creation, is a mere babe of seventeen, and if her technique is not as icily regular as that of her elder comrade, Solange Schwarz, who has come from the Paris Grand Opera ballet to join forces with Roland

Petit's company, she has the charm and grace that always made me prefer Karsavina to Pavlova.

If Racine and Corneille had written ballets, Nevada would have interpreted the former and Schwarz the latter. Solange Schwarz appears in yet another ballet that has not been seen before: *Caprices de Danses*, which is, to me, the acme of bad taste, since Mozart's music is orchestrated—I nearly wrote "edulcorated"—by Tchaikovsky. The chill perfection of the famous ballerina's technique has full scope in this, and was greeted by the same "Ohs" and "Ahs" that are accorded to acrobats in a circus dangerously performing 20 ft. above the arena without a net! *Caprices* brings a newcomer into the limelight: André Beaurepaire, a twenty-one-year-old artist who designed the décor and the costumes. He is going to do the scenery for Jean Louis Barrault's new presentation of Molière's *Amphitryon*; he is finishing a fashion-setting for the showing of Paris models at the New York Exhibition and, next year, Jean Cocteau counts on him for the "interiors" of *La Princesse de Clèves*, a film that is to cost 250 millions. Whether these millions are dollars, pounds or francs I neither know nor care. Beaurepaire is going to be a very busy young man and, as an amusing friend remarks, "'Bébé' Bérard will now have time to paint a few portraits . . . and take a bath!"

If we were "tails" and "shoulders" for the Ballet, we were "tweeds" and "woollies" for the Bicycles. The Six-Day Bicycle Race at the Vel d'Hiv (read "Winter Velodrome") has always been a *sportingue* event that packs the huge building in the drabdest quarter of the Left Bank from cellar to roof. In the days of my youth I never missed spending at least three nights out of the six in the midst of the

strange, exciting, evil-smelling, hoi-polloi gathering that yells itself hoarse, bawls ribald songs and, from the seats in the *populaires* up above, chuck down offal on the track when it has occasion to show its displeasure either at the behaviour of the racers or a referee's decision; this to such an extent that nets used to be placed below the upper galleries to catch the dangerous missiles that hurtled down. This year they were not brought out for the first two nights, the management thinking, no doubt, that the gods would have nothing to throw. I happened to be there when the error of this optimism was discovered. An adverse decision made by the judges so infuriated the *populo* that, in a few seconds, the track was covered with empty sardine-tins, Camembert boxes, wadded balls of paper, pieces of floor planking—anything detachable that the crowd could lay its hands on—even bottles! The race was stopped while the sweepers got busy and the nets were unfurled. What I want to know is: where did the gods get all those tins and boxes? And I count it a blessing that Mr. Hoover was already on his way to Rome!

In the old days the trackside boxes and tables in the *pelouse* were occupied, towards midnight, by what a flamboyant paragraphist once described as "the flower and chivalry of the Gay City"! "Tails" and "shoulders" were as numerous as at the Grand Opera. They arrived in time for the I.A.M. sprints, when big money prizes are offered to the racers by the spectators. One could lunch, dine or sup at the "Six Jours"; the catering was lavishly done and the best chefs engaged. For the *populo* immense trays of crusty sandwiches, oozing *pâté de foie* or ham, and *canettes* of beer, were carried aloft and those who had not brought their own provender could do themselves well for a few francs a head. Now, of course, the sandwiches are mingy, a small, dry *Madeleine* costs twenty

LES BALLET DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES COMES



Pas-de-Doux



"Les Jeux de Gosses"

Voilà!

• The Six-Day (non-stop) Bicycle Race is packing the immense Vel d'Hiv daily from 8 a.m. to 6 a.m. (when the sweepers get busy for a couple of hours), and the habitués of this "sporting event" exchange innumerable anecdotes of past meetings. One grouchy old medico was holding forth on the evils of this "dehumanising and brutal" sport that, according to him, "takes ten years off a racer's life." "You interest me," quoth Serès, father of Serès, Jnr., now teamed up with Lápébie, and proud grandfather of two splendid youngsters. "Ten years off a man's life? Well, I've taken part in eighteen contests . . . so how long have I been dead?"

francs, the drinks are non-existent, except champagne—but at what a price!—and *il n'est plus question de souper!*

THE prize money, however, offered by "generous donators" has soared to huge sums. Before the war a little lady who wanted easy popularity could buy it by giving prizes of a thousand francs. Repeat this often enough and she would be acclaimed as "Queen of the Six Days." This year a young, unknown actress from the Palais Royal, Mlle. Simone Paris, has been awarded the title . . . but what did it cost her? Some of the prizes were of fifty thousand francs. Nuff sed!

Where are the girls of yesterday, who had no need of such publicity but, for love of the sport, offered prize after prize? The Dolly Sisters, Lucienne Boyer, Mary Glory, Rita Georg . . . However, the stars of to-day still turn up at midnight, after the theatres and cinemas close. The night I was there I saw Fernand Gravet, Michèle Morgan, Edith Piaf, Mona Goya, Saint-Granier, Spinelly, Madeleine Robinson and Sophie Desmaret, who has certainly been seen on the screen in London. She is the daughter of Bob Desmaret, the manager of the Vel d'Hiv, and was born, twenty years ago, during the Six Days of 1926. It makes me quite sad to think that I shall not be here to write about anyone born during these Six Days in 1966! No! Come to think of it . . . I'm rather glad!

TO LONDON

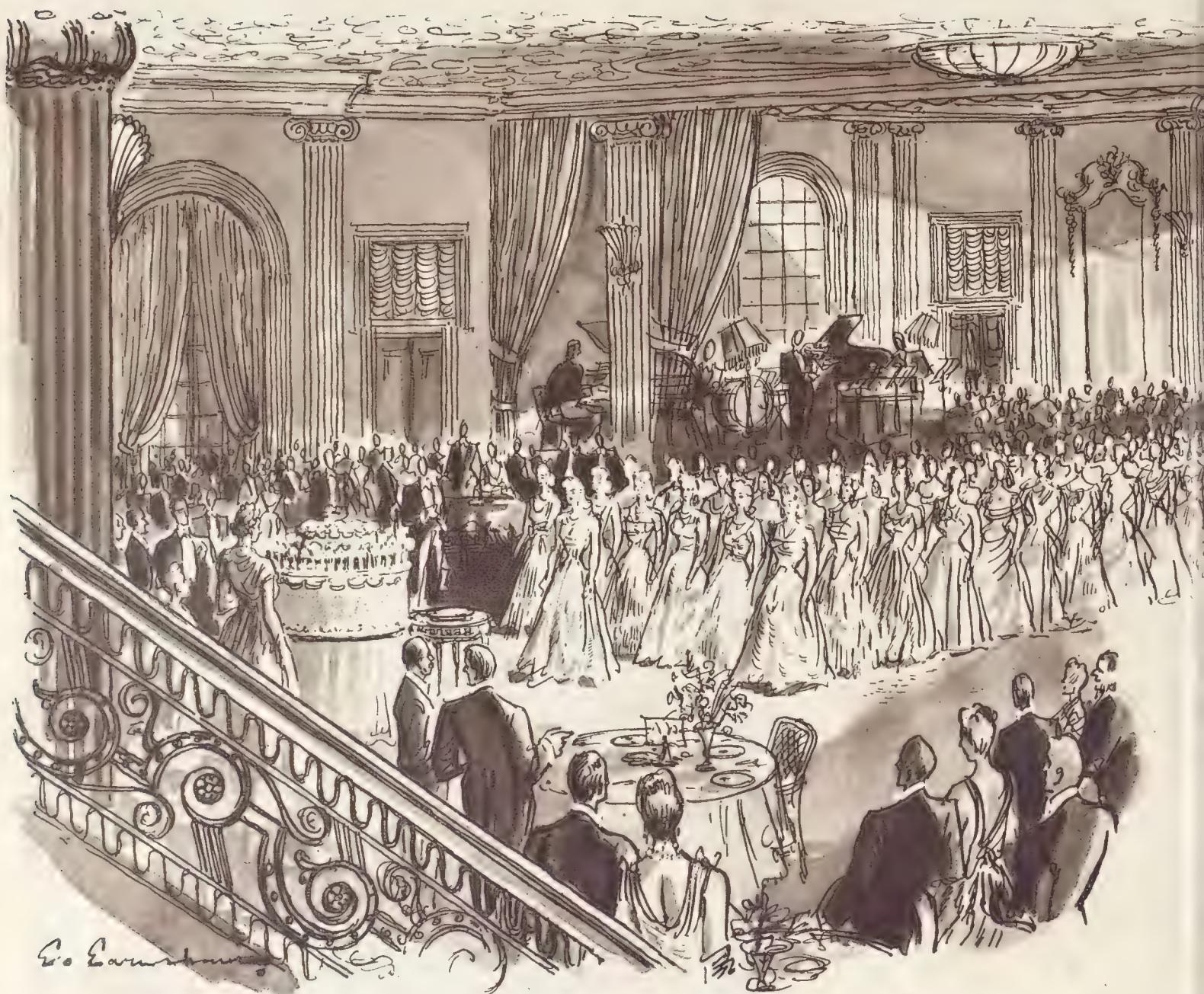


Youly Algaroff, Irène Skorik and Christian Foye



Jean Babilée in "Jeu de Cartes"

• Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées opened at the Adelphi Theatre on April 9th under the patronage of H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Massigli. The ballet, which comes straight from Paris, owes its origin in 1945 to the determination of its founder, the then twenty-year-old Roland Petit. After establishing himself in the Paris Opera as premier dancer, Petit founded his own ballet company, which was offered a season at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. So successful was this first venture that the company was engaged for a further three seasons and became identified with the theatre as the Ballets des Champs-Elysées. The first season took place in 1945, for which the following ballets were created, *Jeu de Cartes*, *La Forêt* and *Le Déjeuner sur L'herbe*. Jean Babilée is the premier dancer of the ballet, and he created the rôle of the Joker in *Jeu de Cartes*, while Roland Petit himself is considered to be the best French choreographer since Petipa.



Co. Earnings



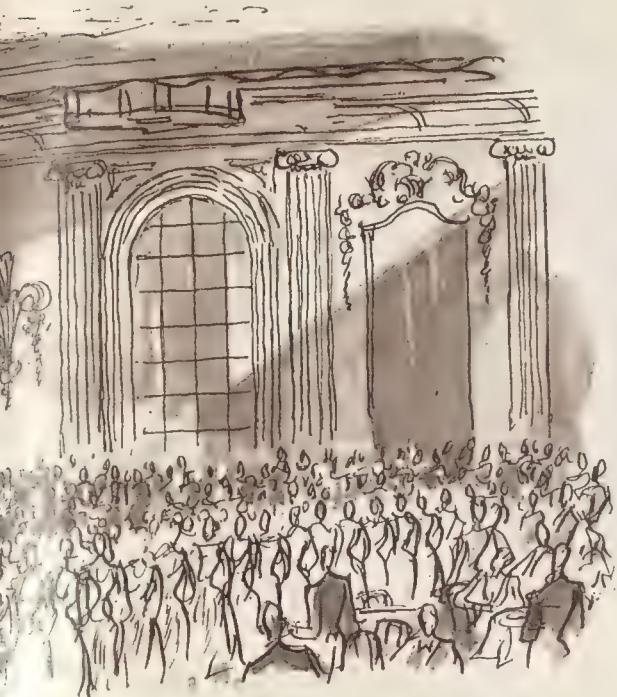
Miss Diana Garle



Miss Geraldine Cook



Miss Jacqueline Belmont



*Mr. Hammond-Graeme Receiving the Debutantes
in Front of the Birthday-Cake*



Miss Rosemary Agnew



Miss Mary Connell

EEN CHARLOTTE'S NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY BALL

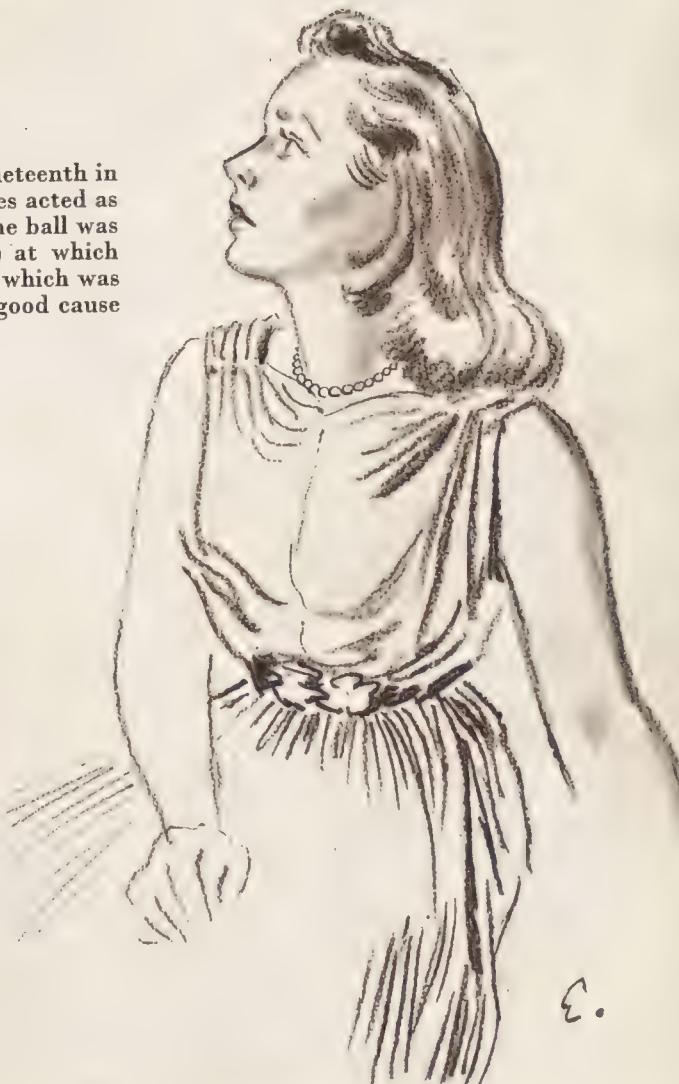
TATLER artist, Ernest Earnshaw, went to the Queen Charlotte's Ball—the nineteenth in a modern series—and there did these brilliant drawings. Three hundred debutantes acted as ladies of Honour for the historic cake ceremony (which is explained by the fact that the ball was created at St. James's Palace in 1744 to celebrate Queen Charlotte's birthday) at which Mr. Hammond-Graeme presided. On page 42 Jennifer gives a description of the ball, which was colourful and spectacular and which had the added merit of being in aid of a good cause.



The Hon. Miranda Fitzalan-Howard



Miss Ann Ferguson



The Hon. Karis Mond



Mrs. Bernard Miles (Josephine Wilson) is a keen musician, though the business of looking after a husband and three children prevents her from practising as much as she would like to

One Man Who Plays Many Parts

Bernard Miles, the Character Actor, and His Actress Wife, Josephine Wilson, with Their Small Son John

• Bernard Miles, actor, playwright and producer, is appearing now at the Scala Theatre for Theatre 46 in *A Century for George*, *Face of Coal*, and in his own play *Let Tyrants Tremble*. This versatile actor's first play is a comedy about the Home Guard. Mr. Miles himself plays an aged ex-soldier with enormous gusto. He is shortly to be seen in the film *Carnival*, and is at the moment playing Joe Gargery in *Great Expectations*. His wife, Josephine Wilson, is appearing at the Player's Theatre in a monologue written for her by her husband, and is shortly to be seen in the Associated British picture *Quiet Week-End*, from the play by Esther McCracken. The Bernard Mileses have three children, Sarah, aged twelve, and Bridget, four years younger, who are at school all day, while two-year-old John is named after his godfather, John Mills

At Home Photographs by F. J. Goodman



Mrs. Bernard Miles With Her Youngest Child John



Bernard Miles in His Book-Lined Study

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

What Next?

OUR Public Arbiter Elegantiarum, the Brains Trust, having told an anxious and, as it seemed to be suggested, an almost pernickety, inquirer that a musical critic is well within his rights if he borrows epithets from other forms of diversion, the question at once arises: "Where do we go from here?" The critic said something about someone's music being full of vivid colour, crackling jokes, leg-hauls, and so forth, and this seems to have upset the thoughtful questioner. Now that the Brains Trust has flung the door wide open, and musical and critics of other art forms have been given their heads, we ought to get something unusual, pungent, and even startling in the place of all the old clichés, of which even the critics must be thoroughly tired. Supposing, for instance, your critic is a cricket fanatic, a golfing, racing or rowing maniac, or is even fond of horses, what a rich harvest of descriptive prose awaits his sickle! He may now write: "The composer banged the allegro clean over the top of the pavilion: he was far too much corned up and in front of his bridle in the andante, and if he had known how to sit still in the rallentando, instead of hopping about like a pea on a drum, he might have obviated hitting the last two bars so hard that he could only just stagger past the post." After what the Brains have said, any critic will be fully entitled to do like this—and even worse. In this connection, would it not be a good move to invite a body of leading anatomists and veterinary surgeons to "do" the next Exhibition at Burlington House? Let us remind ourselves that a critic once said that all Burne-Jones' women were suffering from goitre, and stood at least seven feet in their vamps.

The Recent Naumachia

THANKS to the high efficiency of the broadcast, everyone who has ever been in a racing shell, and also a vast number of others who do not even know what a shell is, "saw" every yard of that race from Putney to Mortlake. First: this is what I think I saw from a spot at least fifty miles away: both crews rushing forward badly at the start; a bit of a bucket on both boats; Oxford swinging out and settling down to it much sooner than their rivals, who were still rolling even after half a mile, cox having all his time cut out to keep her straight, and thus giving an already unsteady crew much more rudder than it wanted; race really over before Hammersmith, Cambridge boat having had a lot more of the wash of the Oxford stroke side-oars than she could take; not surprising that Cambridge managed to improve matters round the bend between Hammersmith and Barnes, and stroke deserving of full marks for pulling them together so miraculously and making that gallant onslaught; but Oxford quick to take up challenge and then show what a really fine turn of foot they possessed. That is what I thought I saw.

From the Lynx

HERE is what a Lynx, who was close up all the way, tells me that he saw: "Not fair to blame the Cambridge cox: they were pulling her round all ways for well over the first mile; none of his fault that Oxford were able so early on to send them down all that wash; Cambridge were slow with their hands, and not taking her off stroke, who never really got hold of them until well past Hammersmith; Oxford, on the other hand, apart from that first scramble, were never really unsettled; very quick away with their hands, steady forward and swing perfection; wind and water, of course, all in favour of a light, whippy crew; and they are a thundering good one and a great credit to their coaches. I do not think that Cambridge could have won, even if the water had been bad. In my opinion, they wanted at least another ten days to a fortnight to straighten things out after their misfortunes from sickness, but even

then I do not think they would have beaten their fast, and obviously very fit, rivals. Wish you had been with us."

"Overthrows"

THIS is the title of the newest and very good cricketing book by my old friend E. H. D. Sewell, and follows pretty closely on the heels of some other contributions to the history of the great game, *Cricket Under Fire, Who's Won the Toss?*, and many more, which even the wettest of Wet Bobs has enjoyed, even if he has not been permitted to say so. The glare off the river has always been held to make it impossible for the Dry Bob to follow the ball, but in my experience this has not always worked out in practice. However much some people may have disagreed with E. H. D. S., and, of course, there always will be some who think differently, no one has ever yet accused him of being dull. If he gets a loose one he punches it away to the boundary good and hard: if one comes down with "danger" painted all over it, he plays it as a master of his craft should, and would. In *Overthrows* (Stanley Paul; 16s.), the author is right at the top of his form, and he hits them all round the wicket, and, speaking purely as a humble acolyte, I do not think he gives many chances. Summarised, this book contains "An Inquest on The Toss," full of fight and therefore all the more interesting; "Ideal First Bowlers," "Great First Pair Batsmen," "The Best XI. That Never Left England," "The Best Men That Never Played for England Though Available," etc. In his preamble, E. H. D. S. says that the old tag that "the onlooker sees most of the game" is "just fudge." How true, and not only of cricket! It is the chap who is in the fighting line who gets the real information, and knows what's what and why! *Overthrows* is the very book for this moment when we can smell the newly-cut grass, and also the oil on the bats!

Up to the "Off"

NO one seemed to be sure about this Spring Double, not even about Prince Regent! Both results most unhandsomely elude me, but that is the fortune of war. The printer waits for no one. I was not surprised that the pen had to be put through Cbaka's name, but never mind; he will only be ten next year, just about the prime for a National winner, and all his most formidable rivals of the moment will be a year older.

An Old Ascot Ticket

SINCE some people are already beginning to get busy about tickets for this year's Royal meeting, the following reproduction of the conditions printed on one of the Grand Stand weekly vouchers just seventy years ago may be of passing interest. It has been sent to me by Mr. George W. Lovegrove, who is a pillar of the Worthing Sailing Club.

The Trustees of the Ascot Grand Stand hereby give notice that some of the conditions on which a ticket of admission to the Stand and Enclosure is sold are:—that if the holder is in default in respect of stakes, forfeit or bets upon horse-racing, or has been guilty of any fraudulent practices on the turf, or any matters connected with it, or shall display any lists, or make use of any stool, clog, colour, hat-band, umbrella, bag or name, or any other device for the purpose of betting, or take money in advance for bets, his ticket will be forfeited, and he will be expelled from the Stand and Enclosure without having any claim to the return of the money paid for his ticket.

This, of course, was long after the days when they would not let you in unless you wore a natty pink coat, knee-breeches and stockings—rather like the artist on the cover of this paper—had a little muff and a long, amber-topped cane. I wonder whether Queen Anne likewise made the bookies dress up for the occasion? If any fancy-dress were imposed to-day, I seem to hear what the remarks would be.



Oxford Women's Squash Rackets

The team beat Cambridge by 4 matches to 1 and so retained the Inter-University cup they have held for the last two seasons. Sitting: Pat Boyd (Malvern and St. Hugh's), Brenda Cowderoy (Surbiton High School and St. Hugh's; captain). Standing: Cynthia Werner (Bath Convent and St. Hugh's), Angela Dening (Wycombe Abbey and St. Hilda's), Jean Dutton (Roedean and St. Hilda's)



D. R. Stuart
Cambridge Women's Squash Rackets

Sitting: Elizabeth Poyser (St. Paul's and Newnham); Rosemary Lloyd (St. Leonards and Newnham, captain). Standing: Maureen Miller (St. Helen's, Northwood and Newnham), Patricia Broadhead (St. Felix and Newnham), Elizabeth Hunter (Benenden and Newnham)



The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race Crews

After artist "Mel" had drawn the Oxford crew M. D. G. Jamieson, Magdalen, No. 2, was replaced by J. M. Barrie, Queen's, to whom go "Mel's" apologies. Oxford beat Cambridge in the 1946 Boat Race by three lengths in 19 minutes and 54 seconds

National Hunt Ball at Rossley Manor Country Club



Capt. W. H. Trinder, Mrs. Audrey Richardson, Mr. J. Gaussen,
Mrs. Trinder, Mr. D. Mansel Lewis and Mrs. Gaussen

Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Marten, Mrs. R. Vigors and
Major F. W. Marten



Miss Sheila McKenna, Lt. Kevin McKenna, R.N.V.R., Mrs.
F. McKenna and Mr. F. McKenna

Photographs by Dennis Moss
Major Leacroft, Capt. Coxwell-Rogers, Mrs. Smythe and
Capt. Dill



The Cambridge crew won the toss and chose the Surrey station. Both crews went off clearly determined to catch an early lead, but, as so often happens in the Boat Race, the winners maintained and even surpassed their practice form

The Beaufort Point-to-Point Races at Sherston



Major Donner, Major the Hon. James Howard, Mrs. V. O. Kingscote and Col. and Mrs. Grosvenor



Mrs. C. M. Clarke leading in her horse, Prince Auto, ridden by Major Vernon



Baron F. de Tuyl and the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort



Miss Ann and Miss Joan Lingard-Guthrie, Lord and Lady Ashton of Hyde and a friend, and Major Lingard-Guthrie



Viscount Knutsford, M.F.H., and Capt. T. C. McDougal, a former Master of the Old Berkshire



Lady Avice Spicer, the Hon. Mrs. Crichton and Capt. F. F. Spicer, M.F.H.

Photographs by Dennis Moss

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS STANDING BY

POLITICIANS whiffling—as recently—about Lessons to be Learned From World War II invariably omit one of the most important, already clear after World War I; namely that you can muck anybody about with impunity, except Australians.

During our late enforced seclusion from the noisy world we acquired a great nervous admiration for the Australian Nation. Taller, leaner, more healthy, more handsome in a hatched-faced way, more ruthless, more free than the Island Race, those citizens mingle a genial rather pitying contempt for the Home aboriginal (or pommy) with a flaming passion of practical generosity whenever that lowlife is menaced by enemies or food-problems. And although no outsider on earth can muck Australians about, they muck themselves about in a surprising manner, like the gods bickering on Olympus. For example, the matter of railways. Travelling by express on the main line from Sydney to Melbourne you have, as elsewhere, to change trains halfway owing to pure aggressive cussedness, New South Wales having the standard-gauge track of 4 ft. 8½ in., whereas Victoria has a gauge of 5 ft. 3 in., and each State would see the other damned first. This arrangement, which leads to continuous profanity, fills us with a kind of awe, like the national Australian habit of drinking strong tea all day long and that red, menacing light in the Australian eye when you speak lightly of cricket.

Chum

BUZZING empty bottles on the Wembley dog-track between races, a new development in British Sport just reported, is probably the prelude to buzzing empty bottles at our dumb chums themselves as they hurtle round the arena. It takes no Freud to deduce that the pioneers of this whimsy were bowlerhatted citizens with roving, bloodshot eyes.

Whether it is more satisfactory to boff a favourite hound with a gin-bottle during the race or to dope or poison him beforehand is, we understand, a question the sporting authorities haven't yet discussed with the bookies. Horsy men prefer the quieter method—e.g., the doping of Running Rein, Orme, and a few more historic Turf cases—but hurling bottles is cheaper, less risky, less complicated and more exciting. And women adore the spectacular.

Metamorphosis

As for any bow-wow favourite who receives a Booth or Gordon bottle plumb on the noggin during a race, a trainer tells us the psychological effect would be peculiar. The normal racing greyhound is plainly an abysmal fool, or he would not be at Wembley running regularly like mad after an uncatchable metal hare. The sudden mental shake-up due to the bump would destroy his fixed, muddled conviction that the interest displayed in his performance by the godlike exquisite beings he sees and admires all around him is purely aesthetic and spiritual, like James ("Boss") Agate's interest in Ibsen. This would not affect a dog's future running, or his stud-value, but O the haunting misery in those dubious eyes. Bookie, bookie, lovely one, can it be true?

Fishy

If the Min. of Food boys possessed, collectively, the imagination of a glandered jellyfish they wouldn't go round feebly whimpering because the British housewife turns up her nose at such sea-products as lugs, milt, and gurnet. They'd merely re-name these unattractive offerings Chatsworth Sole, Ritz Roe, and Hollywood Trout, and sit back to watch the rush.

Oddly enough the housewife has no feeling about the mackerel and the skate, concerning which a gnarled old salt on the Scots west coast once told us hideous tales; especially about the

mackerel, whose taste in diet is (so he said) quite loathly. This apparently doesn't worry Cornish fishermen, who are traditionally used to wrecking; still less the hairy denizens of the Mediterranean and Aegean seabards, whose nightmare harvests (including the octopi) may have inspired Tennyson's thoughtful lines:

Fish
Must often wish
They looked like chaps,
Perhaps.

Forecast

A CLICHÉ-BOUND allegation that the Race will probably earn "the gratitude of Posterity" for good conduct made us laugh like a ton of rusty ashcans (*un rire métallique*). For we—you, he, she, they—are ourselves Posterity, as our great-great-grandfathers visualised it. And do we ever thank them for anything, the old whisky quaints?

A hundred years or so hence, if everything lasts that long, our shaven-headed, badged, numbered, uniformed, and State-disinfected successors will undoubtedly look down their noses at this age similarly. You can imagine the scene in Communal Dining Barrack 789 (formerly the Ritz) when some frightful girl, thinking of the 1940's, titters morosely over her lunch-tablet of dehydrated albuminozone. The District Commissar of Deportation on duty hurries up at once.

D.C.D.: You laughed without orders. No. 86549
F/L/315?

GIRL (sulkily): Yes.

The D.C.D. produces a copy of the Public Laughter (Regulation) Act, 1986, and rapidly recites it.

GIRL: I was only thinking of something funny!

D.C.D.: Your punishment-card.

He stamps her punishment-card. Meanwhile 500 pairs of jaws continue champing in sullen silence, to the beat of the metronome.

D.C.D.: Report at Discipline Barrack 57 instead of taking part in this afternoon's ceremony at the Laski Tomb.

At the Laski Tomb (formerly St. Paul's Cathedral) the serfs of A.D. 2046 will indulge in compulsory massed folk-dancing once a week, a mixture of Hell and Hampstead Garden Suburb. Hiya, Posterity!

Wiggery

IN and around the Temple the legal boys take a snobby view of that threatened strike of Riviera judges for bigger salaries, we find. They say such things couldn't possibly happen here. How do they know?

Amid the increasing chaos of the postwar Utopia nothing would surprise us less than a straggling procession of dignified figures in absurd wigs and tight scarlet bathgowns with fur tippets shuffling along the Embankment carrying banners inscribed "Solidarity" and "A Living Wage" and "Down With The Scabs" and "Release Bert Chaffwax," referring perhaps to some eminent Lord of Appeal slung in the cooler for brawling with the Treasury. Such a demonstration would throw the Race into a high state of apathy in any case, we guess. Even when something really interesting happens in the British legal world—such as the fall of the great Jack Ketch, the official executioner, some 200 years ago—the populace shows little or no emotion. Ketch, whose actual name was John Price, got drunk one night and murderously assaulted a woman in Moorfields; for which he was sentenced to "the steps and the string" (as Moll Flanders puts it), and rotted in chains at Holloway. Although Mr. Ketch was a more prominent legal and public figure than the Lord Chief Justice himself, nobody really minded one way or the other.



"Did you ring, sir?"



"Would you mind holding your hand over your other ear—the light's coming in!"



"—the Hon. Letitia Dimworthy and Something More-Than-a-Friend"

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

Asia

CECIL BEATON was sent to India and China by the Ministry of Information to take photographs. The narrative of his journey, *Fay East*, has been published, but only a few of the vast number of pictures taken could be used to illustrate it. Hence it was decided to issue two supplementary volumes, each reproducing about 100 photographs to a large scale . . .

Thus, with admirable conciseness, do Messrs. Batsford supply the histories of *An Indian Album* and *Chinese Album*, which they now publish (both at 12s. 6d.). In their lovely wrappers, respectively vermillion and Chinese ink, these two books immediately catch the eye, with a promise that their contents exceed.

Both have Introductions by Mr. Beaton. *An Indian Album* opens with, most engagingly, this:

One evening, when I was photographing scenes typical life in Calcutta, I had stopped on my way home across the Maidan to take yet another picture when an elderly Scot came up to me. "Young man," said, "you're going to be disappointed—you're taking a very great mistake taking a snapshot into the sun. I've been in India thirty-five years, and I learnt that you can't do that. Only if you go to Darjeeling, and you get out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, can you get the effect you want." I remonstrated. "No, young man—let me tell you, you're going to be disappointed. Photography in India is a tricky business!"

The trickiness—which, no doubt, one cannot say—may have offered Mr. Beaton just those problems that it is an artist's pleasure to overcome; problems, moreover, whose overcoming produces, each time, something unique in art. I must hope that the paternal, despondent look may sooner or later look through *An Indian Album*—for I hold that, as an obvious enthusiast

the camera, he will be stimulated by Mr. Beaton's triumphs rather than chagrined by finding himself wrong. The advance of spokes of shadow towards the front of many of the pictures, and the dark silhouetting of figures and architecture, often, against intense light, suggest that Mr. Beaton, still unchastened, continued his practice of into-the-sun photography.

The Far and the Near

AT what angles, and by what mysteries, this artist has captured, in the lens of his camera, the diaphanousness of distances, the ridgy sharpness or melting declivities of landscapes, and the magical bloom of sun on ancient stone, it is not for the outsider to try to say. (In *An Indian Album*, "The Fort of Golconda," p. 57; and in *Chinese Album*, "Fukien Landscape," p. 47; are examples of Mr. Beaton's outdoor photography, with its suggestions of illimitable light and air and space.)

The photographs in both albums are full of dramatic contrasts—closeness and distance; delicacy and solidity (as with the fronds almost perceptibly trembling in the foreground of the Red Fort, Old Delhi); smallness and height, youth and antiquity—as in the "Nursery School in Disused Temple near Peipei" (*Chinese Album*, pp. 76, 77). At the same time, these contrasts are subtle; they woo the imagination rather than hit the eye—nothing is over-dramatised. The documentary value of such pictures—though, so far, I have spoken chiefly of their beauty—cannot enough be stressed. By those who seek understanding of two great Asiatic races, these pictures will, in their silent way, be found more speaking, and more fully speaking, than words. Here, in India and China, we have people in action, in the groups or swirls of the rhythm of life and work, or in momentary unconscious repose. We have primary human

states of feeling or being—endeavour, fatigue, curiosity, practice of crafts, merrymaking, resignation, studiousness, anxiety—caught in Indian and Chinese attitudes and faces. We have coolies, soldiers, children, scholars, officials, actors, housewives, dancers and priests. In both books, the school and hospital scenes are intimate and moving. And the architectural photographs are incomparable.

Stories

"THREE," by William Sansom (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.), is as correctly as it is succinctly named—the book consists of three stories, two long, one short. Readers who remember *Fireman Flower* will be already aware that Mr. Sansom is one of the younger English writers of whom most is to be hoped: he is not merely experimental, he is totally original; he gives us, with authority and sureness, something we have not had before. He may be found difficult; and the sometimes almost hallucinatory clearness of his vision may be frightening—but all important artists, whether writers, painters or musicians, have been found difficult in their time, perhaps because of the very qualities that are ultimately to make for their importance. I should say that Mr. Sansom is seeking, and that he increasingly finds, a language for sensations and emotions that, as the middle of this century approaches, are becoming common to us all, but which, in the majority of people, have not yet reached the level of consciousness. I do not believe that human nature changes; I think of there being always the same human keyboard—but from this, within the last generations, new and sometimes terrible music has been struck out. Little of this new music has so far been notated: notation of it is in Mr. Sansom's writing.

Of the stories in *Three*, the first, "The Cleaner's Story," is the most direct: much of it is in dialogue, it has a film-like vividness, and it proceeds with a savage vivacity towards its violent end. The scene is a café in a small French provincial town; the "I," at once narrator and soliloquist, is an elderly woman impassively scrubbing the café floor throughout a morning full of intrigue, alarm and rumour. The cleaner's view of local society is at boot-level (and her estimation of it not higher) as she crawls between the tables with pail and scrubbing-brush. And it is her philosophy that is to suffice the story—

Life is largely made up of keeping things straight, and there is little time to invent more. People might think—after the mess has been cleaned up, when their houses have been put in order—what must we then do? Everything is set to rights, we are provided with everything we want and everything in order. What can we do, what can we think about, what are our enjoyments to be?

They become a little frightened, a little confused by the prospect of a clear view.

But they need never fear, for their houses have already begun to disorder themselves.

London

THE two other stories in *Three*—"Cat Up a Tree" and "The Invited"—are set in London. The first, an interlude in the working day of the N.F.S. at a Hampstead station, is a translation of what could be farcical comedy into terms of poetry and wildness. Yes, it is only a lady's cat ("a huge, dazed cat") wedged in the top of a garden sapling; but the firemen, crashing through the morning streets in answer to the alarm call, anticipate, in their imaginations, what may be the direst of their ordeals. "The Invited" is the most beautiful, the most difficult and the most deep in meaning of the three tales: the Kafka influence, or at least



The Duke of Westminster

The Duke of Westminster at the meet of the County Waterford Hounds at Tallow. His Irish home is at Fortwilliam, Glencairn, in Co. Waterford

resemblance—with which Mr. Sansom may be by now tired of being reproached—is present. A vast block of well-to-do flats backs on, and turns only its frosted kitchen windows upon, railway yards—where the dwellers, a whole community, live, and live out their dramas among huts, sooted glass, allotments and shunting engines on tracks. Mr. Pierrot, the central figure of the story, is a flat-dweller, who becomes agonisingly divided between those two different worlds.

Spring in Paris

"THE INNOCENTS OF PARIS" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is a novel about children by Gilbert Cesbron, admirably translated from the French by Marguerite Waldman. The children are little boys—individual, lovable and, I suppose, by simple English schoolroom parlance, exceedingly naughty little boys. Of the home lives of the Kid, of Martin, Cypriano, Milord, Zeezuth and Lancelot, in a modest quarter of Paris, we are told nothing: this gang returns home only to eat and sleep. What we do follow, almost from day to day, is the epitomised adventure-life of the six, based on its

(Concluded on page 60)

ESOP'S FEEBLES

The Monk and the Paviors

*A Monk, whom a pneumatic drill
Used on the forecourt of St. Saviour's
Was making absolutely ill,
Procured a gun and shot two Paviors.*

*Being beside himself, his aim
Could not be called exactly level
He therefore only wounded some
And wounded Paviors are the devil.*

*True to their own sadistic kind
They drilled him through in tender places
Saying they hoped he didn't mind,
With false concern upon their faces.*

*This did our friend no lasting good
But yet, before his soul departed,
He pardoned them. I think this could
Without a doubt be called big-hearted.*

Immoral

Shoot straight.

J. R.



Tompkins — Inchcape

Colonel Francis P. Tompkins, U.S. Army, of Northfield, Vermont, U.S.A., married Leonora Margaret Countess of Inchcape, of Chinthurst Hill, Wonersh, Surrey, widow of the second Earl of Inchcape and daughter of Sir Charles Brooke

Wedderburn — Philips
Captain David M. A. Wedderburn, Grenadier Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. M. Wedderburn, of East Hagbourne, Berks, married Miss Marigold D. S. Philips, younger daughter of the late Mr. E. Philips, and of Mrs. L. Hardy, of Foston Hall, Derby

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Price — Slessor
Lieut.-Colonel Kenrick Jack Price, 9th Lancers, of Rhylas, Bala, Merioneth, only son of the late Captain and Mrs. Robin Price, married Miss Juliet Hermione Slessor, daughter of Sir Chief Marshal Sir John and Lady Slessor, of 27, Chester Street, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



O'Cock — Parker

Captain Charles D. P. O'Cock, Irish Guards, son of Mr. W. P. O'Cock and Mrs. G. M. Tylden-Wright, of Brighton, Sussex, married Mrs. Harriet Parker, widow of Major M. F. Parker, Lincolnshire Regiment, at St. Patrick's, Sienna, Malta. The bridegroom was, at the time of his wedding, A.D.C. to the then Governor and C.-in-C., Malta, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edmond Schreiber



Peel — Millard

Major A. J. R. ("Bobby") Peel, only child of the late Mr. Alfred J. R. Peel, and of Mrs. E. C. Pulbrook, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, married Miss Patricia V. Millard, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Baldwin Millard. Bridesmaids were the Misses Anne and Jayde Rose and Miss Ashley Read



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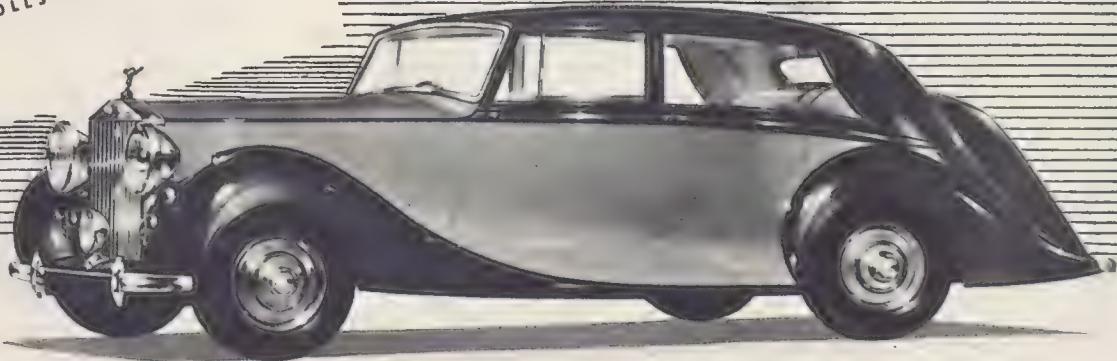
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Jean Lorimer's Page



Navy and white—certain winners—reappear for summer in this Meredith model jumper suit. Jean Kent chose it (and modelled for us in it) from the Meredith collection originally made for export to the United States but now available for the home market. Selfridge's have it



Another model originally made for export but now, thanks to Board of Trade concessions, available at home is this Asta Coat, made by A. and J. Lewis. The original was made of Royal blue woollen boucle; it has a lovely rounded shoulder-line and plenty of fullness caught into a wide belt to emphasise the wasp-waist look. Derry & Toms are stockists



DRESDEN (left) and CADET (above) are two of the new shoe designs. Dresden, made by Style-Eez at 41s., is in black, brown, blue and wine suede; Cadet, a Physical Culture shoe at 57s. 11d., in black, brown and blue suede

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CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

LOTS of people confuse Change with Progress and combine the certainty of a glorious World-Future with the equally, though puzzling, conviction that 1910 was, even in its backwardness, a kind of sublimated fairyland. Indeed one has to think very hard indeed of the *promises* of a gloriously New and Better World, without having our transcendental faith slightly "jagged" by memories of income-tax a mere "nothing" in the pound, food, clothes, the necessities of common life at a "give-away" price by comparison, the ability to travel without passports almost anywhere, trains faster and more frequent, an infinitesimal number of government restrictions . . . in fact, a hundred-and-one comforting advantages to the charm of being a free individual and *alive*; plus the blissful ignorance which presupposed that our children's children would die respectably in their beds, and with no possibility of their being bombed into a Better Land with (say) *the whole of Birmingham!* The modern sports car and the ability to fly round the world at 400 m.p.h., post-dated, perhaps, fifty years; on the other hand, the far greater real fun of making your own amusements—because, if you *don't*, no turning-a-knob will.

In parenthesis, during the intervals of enjoying John Gielgud's entrancing revival of that witty and decorative "museum piece" of morals and manners, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, I amused myself mightily by trying to imagine what the world would be like today if there had been no two world wars, the Kaiser had been strangled at birth and Hitler the victim of Malthusianism in its acutest form? And, of course, humanity had *not* been rendered temporarily insane by like examples of imperialistic "thuggery." What *should* we all be doing now—and how *should* we be doing it? Probably medicine and surgery wouldn't have pranced ahead as they have done. On the other hand, there wouldn't be so many immediate reasons why either should seek to advance by leaps and bounds. Most of us would have had smaller incomes, but, strangely enough, much more to spend. The scandal of the slums might still be with us half-heeded; nevertheless, in some instances, better a slum-dwelling than nowhere to live at all.

I wondered, therefore, why it seems to demand a world war to crystallize the progress needed to assure human happiness when war postpones it for generations and destroys so much that humanity has already died to attain. It is all tragically odd! But very like a replica of individual life. As Oscar Wilde wrote: "For each man kills the thing he loves!" A truism for which nobody seems any the wiser. Each individual, as well as each generation, becomes "adult" through its mistakes.

The tragedy lies in the fact that most of the mistakes are identical and all committed ad nauseam. Even war is becoming a mental habit. Well! . . . well! No wonder the world in which bird-brained Lady Windermere lost her fan and only just escaped, thereby creating a shattering Mayfair hubbub, looks completely "tin-pannery" today. But, I'll be bound, many a woman in the audience would gladly renounce her modern privilege to vote, if only she could go back to live in a world symbolized by being able to trail behind her enough satin on the carpet as would now make her a couple of utility tea-gowns and one pair of black-market undies. I know I *would!* And the same symbol of Peace-and-Plenty would apply to most men in equal happiness—apart, maybe, from a handful of super-sizzling Communists.

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 55)

headquarters—an abandoned hut the old belt of fortifications that ran round Paris (and was, alas, demolished in the mid-1920s). The time of the story is 1923. Incidentally, if these little boys grew up—Lancelot, tragically, we know did not—to play their parts in the Resistance movement, the movement must have gained invaluable recruits; for in astuteness, feline slipperiness of movement and good faith with one another coupled with dare-devilry, these "innocents" show themselves unrivaled. Also, their knowledge of subterranean Paris—for instance, derelict railway tunnels—would later have come in well.

Innocents, however, these joyous young semi-apaches are. Their escapades are in many cases set out on in the crusade spirit. The intention to brighten the lives of the poor, dull, rich little children playing, nurse-guarded, in the high-class Parc Monceau results in a night in the cells for the luckless Zeezuth Milord, matchless show-off and liar of the party, really does lose himself when he goes off alone to explore the abandoned tunnel—he makes, by the light of his guttering candle, an astounding discovery: a royal railway coach, designed for august visitors to some bygone Paris Exhibition; since then, pushed off down this underground siding and left to rot. The coach, with its empty champagne bottles and musty-gorgeous trappings, provides a rendezvous for the gang.

Intoxication

IT is not, however, only the juvenile characters and fantastic episodes of *The Innocents of Paris* that will be remembered: the book is saturated with the enchantment of spring, as felt by children, in a great uncharted sunny and windy city; and blown through, as by spring winds themselves, by the spirit of youth. The boys are aged between nine and eleven: arguably, these are one's best years—the disciplines of one's infancy have relaxed; shades of the prisonhouse have not begun to close. The hut (entitled "the Cabin") inside the fortifications is that dream stronghold, unreachable by one's elders, packed with one's own possessions, for which many of us in childhood envisaged in vain. This is a book which, written for grown-ups, reopens a door through into the heart of childhood; a door which, for many of us, remains implacably locked. I should also add that *The Innocents of Paris* is unmarred by sentimentality: it is, on the contrary, rapid, racy and stirring. Lyrical oddness runs through the episodes—particularly that catastrophic afternoon in St. Sulpice Church and the Kid's adventures in the Old People's Home.

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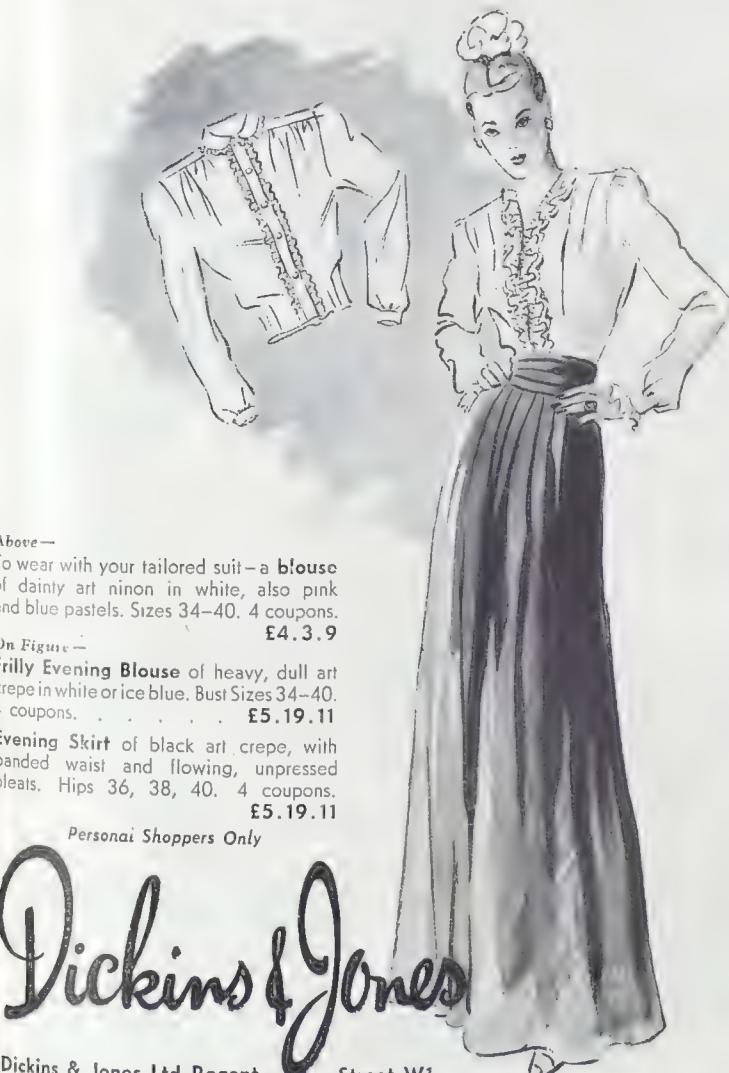
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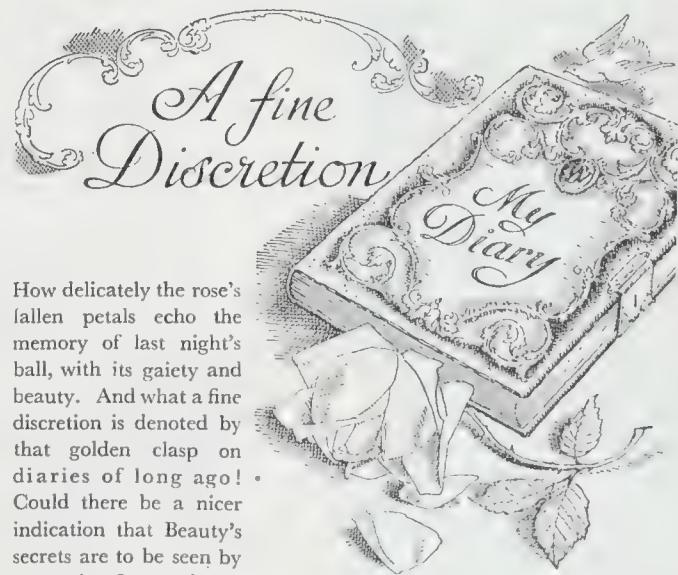
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Notice

In the interests of accurate statement, I want to ask those who put up "NO PARKING" notices to amend them slightly. Would they please change them to: "NO PARKING EXCEPT FOR ME," which is what they really mean. Not a month ago I walked across the south side of Hanover Square. There I counted three "No Parking" notices, and on the roadway adjacent to them I counted nineteen motor cars parked. And I think it would be about right to say that, wherever there is a "No Parking" notice, there will normally be found about six motor cars parked.

Of course, there is the alternative of taking down the "No Parking" notices altogether. But some of them are so beautifully painted that one does not like to suggest so drastic a measure. After all, does it matter greatly if people like to put notices on their buildings? The only important thing for those who drive motor cars is to recognize what they mean and, having recognized that, to recognize also whether the meaning has any authority.

Now I suppose that Hanover Square is a public place, in so far as the roadway and the pavements are concerned. I suppose, that if I am driving a car which is properly licensed, and if in all other respects I am obeying the law, I am entitled to use Hanover Square as much as anybody else. I am not aware of any claim which a householder can make on the carriage-way itself—though I am subject to correction by legal experts. Surely the right course is to let it be known that "No Parking" notices are nothing more than a form of entertainment for those who put them up—and nothing more.

Club women

ANNUAL General Meetings of the Royal Aero Club can usually be expected to provide some entertainment, and this year's meeting was no exception. Battle was joined on the question of whether women members should be admitted to the club. Some pertinent remarks were hurled across the room before a vote was taken and then there was a draw. So the chairman, Lord Gorell, had to put in his casting vote in favour of the innovation.

Personally, I think that the men-only club is a dying institution. And whenever I say so, I am assailed from all sides and nearly hung, drawn and quartered by my friends. But if women are admitted, I do plead that they be normal women and not that fantastic monstrosity, the highly educated, political woman. On the radio the highly educated female voice is, I think, an insult to the ear. It may be a compliment to the intelligent—for they certainly talk about lofty matters—but it is, I repeat, an insult to the ear; an acoustical bad egg; a sonic tomato. I am glad that women are to be members of the Royal Aero Club in future; but where room for them is to be found is another matter. The club premises are already grossly overcrowded. An increase in membership would cause the place to remind one of the Southern Railway during the rush hours.

Associate Members

THEN there is the general trend of the Club to branch out and to accept larger responsibilities than it has done in the past in the field of private and club flying. There is to be, I believe, some kind of associate membership which will enable all members of flying clubs in all parts of the United Kingdom to join. This is the right course, and Colonel R. L. Preston, the Secretary-General, is to be congratulated upon it. The Royal Aero Club is much more than a social club; it is a body which ought to concern itself continuously with the well-being of private and club flying. It ought always to be active in promoting air touring and in helping air tourists; it ought always to be ready to fight the battles of the private and club flyer.

I think that the Club is now really set on the way to that much larger measure of power which it ought always to have enjoyed.

London Airport

So they go on. Heath Row, with its outdated triangular runway pattern, has been christened the London Airport. Members of Parliament were shown over it the other day, and there was an obvious effort by the Ministry of Civil Aviation to convince them that it was a fine place. But on the day of the great show, Lord Sempill spoke at the place which was originally London's airport—I mean Croydon—and he rightly denounced Heath Row as a waste of man-power and material. He also made the very valuable suggestion that Croydon ought to be turned into London's special charter centre. Although Croydon is no longer big enough for main-line air transport work, it remains big enough for special charter work. I liked the proposal that it should be confined to aircraft with an all-up weight of 15,000 lb. or less.

Meanwhile, what are we really going to do with Heath Row—I mean, when there has been a sufficient interval for face saving, and the Government feels it can really be guided by the facts and scrap all efforts to turn it into London's main air terminal? Personally, I would like to see it turned into a park. It is flat ground for such a purpose; but the ground itself is fertile and, with sound planning, a really delightful park could be created there. Avenues of trees could be planted where those ridiculous, old-fashioned runways are now to be laid, and there could be flower gardens and the rest of it. It might, alternatively, be turned into a housing estate. That might entail less clearance work. It could not be turned into a small, private flyers' aerodrome because it is so inaccessible to London and because it is usually fog-bound. Perhaps the best plan, after all, would be to return it to the agricultural work which was formerly being done there.



Lt.-Col. Martin Lindsay, D.S.O., M.P., is the author of "So Few Got Through," a history of the 51st Highland Division from the landing in the Normandy beachhead to the Luneberg Armistice. He is Conservative M.P. for Solihull and commanded a Parachute Battalion from 1941-42



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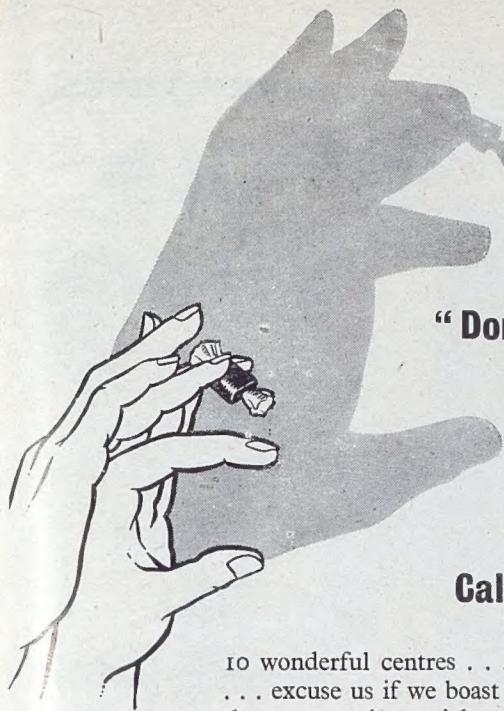


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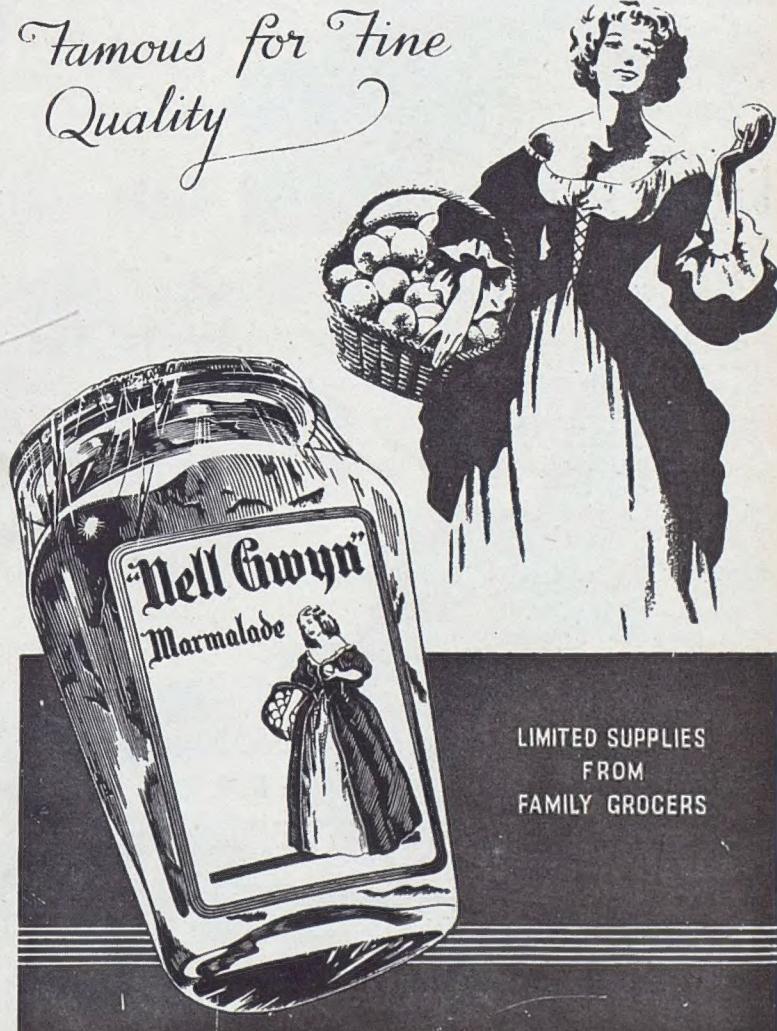


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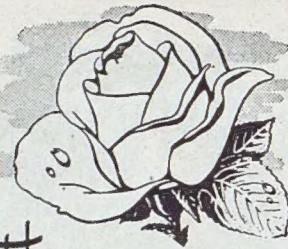
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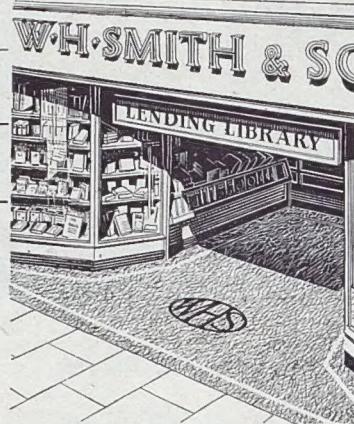
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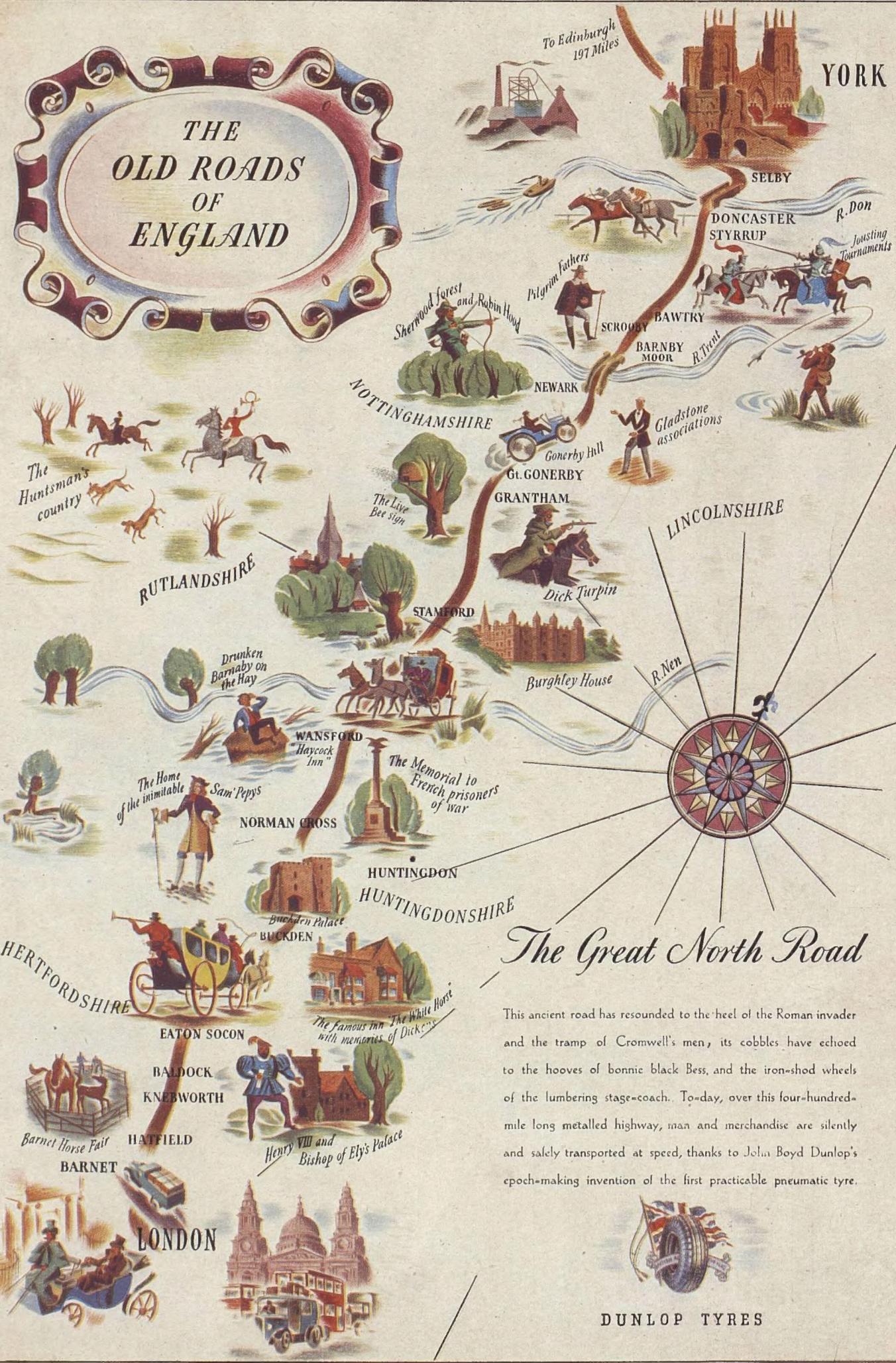
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